

THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

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TERMS:

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THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1851.

THE SPEAKING AT CLARKSVILLE—NOTES BY THE WAY.

We have just returned from Clarksville, where on Tuesday we listened to the debate between the candidates for Governor—having also heard them the day before at Springfield, which we gave a brief notice of. At present we have not time to write out from our notes the substance of the speeches, which will appear to-morrow.

We were well satisfied at Springfield, but better pleased at Clarksville. Our friends may rely upon it, that there never was an impression upon an audience more distinct than the impression at Clarksville favorable to Campbell. General Trousdale, who did well at Springfield, did not sustain himself so well at Clarksville. He seemed to feel that Campbell had won the advantage, and Campbell himself spoke as a man confident that the populace smiled upon him. The audience at Clarksville was not so large as that at Springfield; the morning had been rainy; there was not quite so much buoyancy or excitement as at Springfield, but in the afternoon, the whigs were every where distinguishable by their smiling faces, and we felt well assured that they rejoiced in their popular candidate.

Gov. Trousdale—who sets out with siding with Aaron V. Brown and Hopkins L. Turney, and not with Cave Johnson, Andrew Ewing, and Andrew J. Donelson on the slavery questions; sympathizing with the Nashville American, Memphis Appeal, &c., and not with the Nashville Union, Greenville Spy, &c.; gave, in the afternoon of the second day's speaking, some unequivocal symptoms of wincing under General Campbell's well directed fire, and of shrinking from the responsibilities which such sympathies engender. He had taken bold and high ground on Monday—his whole argument tending to produce distrust of the compromise bills, hostility between the great sections of the Union, and sympathy for the most ultra agitators known in Tennessee; but on Tuesday afternoon, though he still employed these arguments, he palliated the treasonable movements of the Disunionists of South Carolina by saying he believed "they were merely projecting,"—not in earnest—and, by way of argument, instanced Mr. Rheist's quietly taking his seat in the Senate and swearing to support the Constitution, after having made his famous disunion speech.

He seemed to think such "projecting" rather harmless, and therefore not justly so odious as his competitor might render it. We trust he will continue to make such speeches. We trust he will speak just as he spoke at Springfield, all round the State; or if not more modified than at Clarksville, they will do.—*Rp. Banner, May 1.*

LIABILITY OF SUBSCRIBERS TO NEWS-PAPERS.

The liability of subscribers to newspapers is seldom considered, if understood, by those individuals who order a discontinuance, without paying up arrears. A case was recently decided, which may awaken attention on this subject. The editor of the Pennsylvania Enquirer not long since recovered a large sum, (about \$120,) from a subscriber living in Rhode Island. The circumstances were these: The subscriber took the paper for some time, and then sent to the publisher a notice of discontinuance, without forwarding the money for payment.—The publisher took no notice of this, nor of several subsequent notices of refusal to take the papers from the post office. The result was, that notwithstanding the Rhode Islander did not receive the paper for several years, yet he was forced to pay the whole amount up to the period claimed by the bill. Were the laws enforced more frequently in cases of delinquent subscribers of long standing, such heavy losses would not accrue so often to newspaper publishers.—*Macon Telegraph.*

AWFUL EARTHQUAKE—WHOLE CITIES DESTROYED.

We clip the following item of news from the foreign advices brought by the Pacific:

Accounts from Malta announce a succession of earthquakes which have been felt, as well at Malta, a town of Naxos, in Asiatic Turkey, as at Sanroom, a resort in the Black Sea, within the same province, and at the Island of Rhodes, situated at the entrance of the Gulf of Mæci, attended at the first mentioned place and its immediate vicinity with great destruction of life and property. The first shock was felt on the 25th of February, between five and half past five, p.m., when at Rhodes, the upper part of the castle, which is at the entrance of the town, fell with a awful crash, overthrowing the offices of the Austrian Lloyd's Steam Navigation Company, whilst the Tower of Arapap Kule, which commands the entrance of the harbor, and several other parts of the fortifications, sustained great injury, as did likewise many dwelling houses, some of which were shaken off their very foundations on the rock, others cracked throughout. The oscillations were from east to west.

At Mæci, on the main land, and its immediate neighborhood, the consequences have been most disastrous and heart rending. The whole of the houses, dwellings and stores, lately erected in the town, have been leveled to the ground, fissures have been formed in the very streets, from which bituminous vapors exude continually, almost suffocating the inhabitants; many springs have dried up, whilst in arid localities new ones have gushed out, changing the whole features of the earth's surface.—The town of Levisia, which contained 1,500 houses, has not one standing, and no less than 600 human beings are reckoned to be under the ruins, which number would have been awfully augmented had the shock been after nightfall, when the inhabitants retire to their homes after the labors of the day. The village of Ciorago has nearly met with the same fate, the upper part of a huge mountain having fallen into and blocked up the small port of Ekongki, over-whelming all the dwellings round about its base. Another village, more inland, has been buried from the fall, in opposite directions, of two hills between which it was situated.

The survivors at Mæci, alarmed by the repeated shocks which were still occurring for five days after, though of a much slighter nature, had fled for safety on board small crafts and fishing boats, carrying with them what property they could from time to time dig out from beneath the ruins of the stores houses, most of which has been removed to San, Rhodes, and other islands.

THE LATE PARKER H. FRENCH.—The Louisville Courier gives the following sketch of Captain Parker H. French, whose criminal career has been lately cut short at the hands of lynchmen in Mexico:

"But a few short years since, we knew French as a lad, whose reputation was without blemish or reproach, and whose daily walk was such, as not only to win the confidence and esteem of his employer, but of the entire community in which he then resided. Of a mild and amiable disposition; with business habits rarely met with in one of his tender age; enjoying the confidence of those, able and willing, to assist him in mercantile pursuits, which but few with limited means could command, he commenced his commercial career in St. Louis some three years since, under prospects regarded the most flattering and promising. For a season he apparently was basking in the sunshine of prosperity, during which period he wooed and won the accomplished daughter of one of the most estimable and distinguished citizens of a neighboring State.

"A revolution in his affairs, however, speedily following his marriage. We next hear of him in New-York, where he sought to regain his shattered fortunes, as the originator of an expedition across the country for the transportation of emigrants to California. He left with upwards of two hundred passengers, and in Texas commenced those depredations upon society, which has resulted in his paying the penalty of the violated laws, by a death, as ignominious as it was tragical. He seems from the beginning to have thrown off all moral restraint, and to have given up to a desperation that is seldom met with in the most hardened criminal, much less in one who may be said to have been but a novice in crime. To the crime of forgery he soon added that of robbery, and finally ended the catalogue of his transgressions by becoming a murderer. There survives him a wife whose hopes on earth are crushed forever, and a lovely infant daughter, upon whom, should she live, a cold and heartless world will cast its frowns, on account of the sins of the father."

WASHINGTON AN ENGLISHMAN.—Some of the papers, having no better amusement, have been endeavoring to show that Washington was born in England. That he is a native of Westmoreland county, Va., is probably known to every schoolboy in the United States. We expect to hear next that Virginia is a county in England.

A coach containing a young man and woman, with a trunk on behind the coach, is pleasantly suggestive of matrimony. But half a dozen young ones and seven bandboxes, is much more suggestive—there's no mistaking that sign.

CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES FOR 1850.

We find in the National Intelligencer the following tabular statement of the population of the United States, complete, as ascertained from the late census returns:

States.	Sq. mts.	Population	Popul'n as per cent. to the sq. of 1850, mile.
Maine,	35,000	532,635	17
N. Hampshire,	8,030	313,063	33
Vermont,	8,000	314,322	33
Massachusetts,	7,520	991,721	137
Rhode Island,	1,200	147,519	125
Connecticut,	4,750	370,913	80
New York,	46,000	3,098,818	67
New Jersey,	6,870	439,883	71
Pennsylvania,	47,000	2,311,201	50
Delaware,	2,120	92,609	41
Maryland,	11,000	583,016	53
Virginia,	61,000	1,450,000	21
N. Carolina,	45,500	863,000	19
S. Carolina,	23,000	630,000	22
Georgia,	58,000	920,000	16
Florida,	57,000	67,000	1
Kentucky,	40,580	782,000	19
Ohio,	44,000	1,081,940	45
Indiana,	35,670	990,258	20
Illinois,	53,480	851,000	15
Wisconsin,	80,000	305,000	4
Michigan,	56,610	307,000	7
Tennessee,	44,000	1,050,000	21
Alabama,	58,000	770,000	13
Mississippi,	48,500	620,000	13
Louisiana,	48,000	450,000	9
Arkansas,	50,000	195,000	4
Missouri,	65,000	681,000	10
Iowa,	60,000	192,000	3
	1,111,040	22,632,040	21

PENNSYLVANIA KIDNAPING LAW.—In the House of Delegates of Pennsylvania, on Monday, the bill repealing the sixth section of the anti-kidnaping law of 1847, was passed finally. This act of repeal passed the Senate some time since, and it was feared that, in consequence of the great press of business, it would not be reached in the House. But it has happily resulted otherwise, and Pennsylvania demonstrates her genuine feeling of brotherhood with the confederated States of the South; by refusing longer to throw obstacles in the way of carrying out the compromises of the constitution. The section of the law now repealed prohibited heretofore the use of the commonwealth jails for the confinement of fugitive slaves.

FIRST ANECDOTE OF THE CANVAES.—A friend from a neighboring county tells us a good anecdote, illustrating the enthusiasm with which the "Boys" go for Campbell. Two young men whom we shall call, for convenience, Jim and John, had made a bet on Taylor's election, and Jim was the winner. John recently met with him, and said "Jim, I want to win ten dollars back." "Very well," said Jim, "what will you bet on?" "I'll bet on Trousdale's election," said John. "Very well, again," said Jim, "I'll bet Campbell beats him." "Who is Campbell?" enquired John, suspiciously, seeing Jim's confidential bearing. "He's the man," said Jim, "who charged the Mexican fort at Monterey, at the head of his troops, waved his sword above his head, said 'Boys, follow me,' took the fort by storm amidst a shower of cannon balls and bullets, and unfurled the first American flag upon the battlements of Monterey." "Enough said," replied John,—"d-d if I'll bet against him."—*Banner.*

ANTI-RENT OUTRAGE.—The Albany Register states that it has been impossible for Mr. Van Rensselaer, a large land proprietor, to collect his rents in that county, within many years, because of the difficulty of serving legal papers, the proper officers being chosen by anti-rent votes. He had, however, secured the services of a resolute man in another county, who had served his processes, and against whom the vote themselves—a farm gentry had sworn vengeance, and recently when acting under a Surrogate's commission to lay off a widow's dower in the town of Bern, with two other persons, he was seized by a band of twenty or thirty "Indians"—as the marauders call themselves—armed with rifles and tomahawks, who bound and blinded him, stripping off his clothes, and covering him with tar and feathers from the top of head to the sole of his foot. They then tore the inside of his clothes and put them upon him, tarred them outside, and covered them with feathers, and marched him round the neighborhood for some hours, and sent him home to his family at midnight, after repeating the process two miles from his house.

PHOENIX, WHAT A NAME!—In the census returns of part of district No. 2, Johnson county, Illinois, is the name of Miss M. M. S. P. H. D. J. L. Tubb!

Shaw, that's nothing. The census taker for an adjoining county, has one name on his list that beats Miss Tubb's all hollow. Here it is—Miss I. W. L. T. S. M. P. M. M. S. E. B. Squiddledix!

"Father," said a roguish boy, "I hope you won't buy any more gunpowder tea for mother." "Why not?" "Because every time she drinks it she blows us up." "Go to bed, sir, immediately."

PUT TO A SHIRT FOR AN ANSWER.—"Pray, Miss Sophia, what are you making?" said Dr. B. to a young lady who was at work upon a garment of a certain description. "A Sophy covering, Doctor," was the reply.

MIND AGAINST MIND.

Sidney Smith says there is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each other. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of a wit in society, a person who takes a strong common sense view of the subject, is for pushing out by the head and shoulders, an ingenious theorist who catches at the slightest and faintest apophysis; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tests exquisitely the fine feeling of the heart, and alive to nothing else, whereas, the wit is talented, and mind is mind, in all its branches. Wit gives to life one of its best flavors, common sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion—large and comprehensive views of its annual rotation, ridiculous chasities folly and improprieties, and keeps men in their proper sphere—subtly seizes hold of the fine threads of truth, analogies dart away to the most sublime discoveries, feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrows that come from without. God made it all! It is all good! We must despise no sort of talent; they all have their separate duties and use, and the happiness of man for their object, they all improve, exalt, and gladden life.

PAPER.—The materials upon which mankind have contrived to display their sentiments to the eye, have, in different ages, and in different countries, been extremely various. The most ancient were stone and plates of metal. Tables of wood, particularly of cedar, were afterwards used. Those were followed by tablets, written on, according to the fashion of the time, either with iron bodkins, the bones of birds, or reed pens. The papyrus was next invented. It was formed of the interior of the stalks of the papyrus, a plant abundantly produced in Egypt. The date of its discovery is still in dispute, though there is strong evidence of its having been used in Egypt 2000 years before the Christian era. It was generally employed as a writing material down to the end of the century. Parchment was the next material used. It had been invented some ten centuries previous, but was not extensively employed until the eighth century of our era. Parchment, on account of its great durability, is still used upon all important occasions. The next improvement in paper was its manufacture from cotton.

This cannot be traced farther back than the tenth century; and the oldest manuscript document written on cotton paper is dated 1050. When or by whom linen paper, which is now in use, was invented, seems uncertain. The generality of writers date its discovery in the eleventh or twelfth century, and the honor of its invention is claimed not only by different but distant nations. The Chinese, however, appear to have the best pretensions. The first book, printed on paper manufactured in England, was published about the year 1485.

MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF AN OYSTER SHELL.—It examined by the microscope, the extent of an oyster shell will be found a large continent, as it may be called, millions of minute insects that wander in the largest liberty over its surface. Each of these insects is the owner of a house or cavern, which it forms by burrowing in the solid shell. Besides these minute members of the animal kingdom, the vegetable tribes are represented by a luxuriant growth of plants springing up over the entire shell. These are of every variety of form, and color, and consists of trees, shrubs, and flowers of the most beautiful description. In order to examine them properly, the shell should be placed in a glass of clear water.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.—On Thursday last Mrs. Wilson, of Shippen-street, Philadelphia, relict of Captain Wilson, was consigned to the grave in Pine-street church yard. In an address at her funeral, the Rev. Dr. Brauer said she was eighty six years old, and had worshipped in Pine-street church before the war of the Revolution, and ever since; that when the British held possession of Philadelphia, they not only converted Mrs. Wilson's church into a stable, but expelled herself and family from her dwelling, southeast corner of George and South streets, to accommodate British officers; that, once sailing with her husband Mrs. Wilson was captured on the high seas and taken a prisoner to Jamaica, where her force of will and language availed to protect a good part of her property.

He might have added, that she was in the receipt of two pensions from the General and State Governments, that she kept up an unbroken rest in all political affairs, and could sketch to the life prominent politicians, that her strength of character was unaffected by years, that she carried to life's close, unchanged by contact with new generations, the peculiarities formed in the early days of our land, and the most worthy period of our history. She was a character at once so unique and resolute, that she would have been a treasure to the genius of Walter Scott—and we could not allow her to pass from among us without this tribute to her memory.

DIDN'T MEAN THAT EVENING.—A crack brained man, who was signified by the females, very modestly asked a young lady if he would let him spend the evening with her.

"No," she angrily replied, "that's what I won't."

"Why," replied he, "you needn't be so fastidious. I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one when I can't go any where else."

PARADOXICAL—A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the Young Woman said to the Censorious old Maid.

BY H. W. SHORTEFELLOW.

Tell me not in idle jingle,
"Marriage is an empty dream!"
For the girl is dead that's single,
And girls are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
Single blessedness a field
"Man's thou art, to man returnest,"
Has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is not our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us nearer marriage day.

Life is long, and Youth is fleeting,
And our hearts, though light and gay,
Still like pleasant dreams are beating
Wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero, in a wife!

Trust no Future, however pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its deed!
Act—heart in the living Present!
Heart within, and in the ahead!

Lives of married folks remind us
Women live our lives as well,
And, departing, leave behind us
Such examples as shall tell."

Such example, that another,
Wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart that triumphs set;
Still conquering, still pursuing,
And each one a husband yet!

THE CHARMS OF LIFE.

There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden—but not how many that are beautiful and good. The world teems with beauty—with objects which gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are all that we cannot escape—the approach of disease and death, of sorrow and the sorrows of earthly ties, and the darker worm of grief—but a vast majority of the evils that beset us might be avoided. The cause of our misfortune is not in the world, but in our own hearts. There is one thing which we can do to promote each other's good, and that is to be a home which is not dark. There is something every where—in the sky upon the earth—there would be in most hearts if we would look around us. The storms die away and a bright sun shines out, summer days are not tinted curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful, even when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. God reigns in heaven. Mourn not at being so beautiful, and we can live happier than we do.

THE SATEEN BLOOD.—We find the following in a late number of Dickens's "Household Words." It is true, every word of it:

Wherever the descendants of the "sateen" race have gone, have sailed, or otherwise made their way, even to the remotest regions of the world, they have been patient, persevering, never to be broken in spirit, never to be turned aside from enterprise, which they have resolved. In Europe, Asia, America, the whole world over; in the desert, in the forest, on the way scorched by a burning sun, or frozen by ice that never melts, the Saxon blood remains unchanged. Wherever that race goes, there, law, industry, and safety for life and property and all the great results of steady perseverance, are certain to arise.

NOVEL INTERPRETATION.—We heard the other day of an original and highly ingenious interpretation of a scriptural passage, which throws the severities of Clarke and Henry, quite into the shade. A school boy once said, who was noted among his playfellows for his frolics with the girls, was reading aloud in the Old Testament, when coming to the phrase, "making the waste places glad," he was asked by the preceptor, "what it meant?" The youngster paused—scratched his head—but could give no answer when he jumped a more precocious archness, and cried out:

"I know what it means, Master. It means making the girls, for Tom Ross is allers making 'em round the waist, and it makes 'em as glad as can be."

VERY TENDER.—The story is told of a certain New Zealand Chief, that a young missionary landed at his island, to succeed a sacred teacher deceased some time before.

At an interview with the chief, the young minister asked—

"Did you know my departed brother?"

"Ah yes! I was deacon in his church."

"Ah, then, you know him well: and was he not a good and tender-hearted man?"

"Yes," replied the pious deacon, with much gusto, "the very good and tender. I eat a piece of him!"

HOW A CONSTABLE MADE HIS FIRST LEVY.

In one of the interior counties of Tennessee, an illiterate man named Jake Short, who of law matters it might truly be said—"did not know as much as the law allows him"—by some chance was elected constable.

The next day he was met by a neighbor striding like a military officer, with his saddle-bags on his arm.

"Hold on Jake," said he.

"The wheels of government never stop!"

"Going to make a levy?"

"Yes, got the document in my saddle-bags."

"You had better look out, the last man in, lost by not doing his business according to law."

"Can't catch me, I am up to how it's done," answered the new-made official, proudly, never turning his head as he strode along.

"Let me see," so dequizes he, "I am to distrain for rent, attach all the property I can lay hands on."

When he arrived at the tenement, he found it vacated, and no visible means left.

"Where—where am I to make my mileage—a pillar of the State must have sharp eyes—government expects it?"

After seeing about the houses and bushes, for some time, he rapped an antiquated parker and her little ones.

"Ahem—I've got 'em—I say I'm some," he ejaculated, as he crept slyly around and caught the unsuspecting parker by the kink in her narrative, that he might lay hands on, and go according to law, (for he had seen a prisoner taken by the process man on the shoulder while the papper was read,) shouting (as he had heard at court)—

"Hear ye—Hark ye—Hear ye—I—at-tach—you!" All this time the parker had been "up and doing" her best tricks, but Jake's motto being "never give it up no," hung on to "the forlorn hope" like death to a departed colored gentleman.

The post told beautifully describes a similar catastrophe.

Jack fell down and Jim came tumbling after. The parker fell—and a wheel of government was suddenly heels over head, making a six foot measure, and fracturing some joints. The parker, owing, perhaps, to her having more propellers than the pillar, got under way first, the little ones doing a tall specimen of migrating all the time. "Not a very profitable office," groaned Jake, as he surveyed his dilapidated habiliments.—

"But a sworn officer must do his duty, and go according to law."

He now went it strong—it was "nip and tuck" for about a quarter, he then gained, and ended the contest by pouncing like "a duck on a June bug," nabbing the parker by the organs of hearing.

"Hear ye—Hear ye—Hear ye—I command you to appear at 9 o'clock on Saturday next at Jim Parker's grocery—the parker was going "her death on it" in the little matter of brogue, Jake looked around for the little ones—not one of which was to be seen—and being with you that papper of cussed pigs, for in the eye of the law you are accountable for 'em. Fail not to appear under pain of the penalty laid down in the Law Books. This is done by me a sworn officer, as the law directs."

As he had done his duty he loosed his hold, the parker no doubt being exceedingly grateful for the appearance of the little ones, was in so great hurry to join them, that she got her head bothered with the understanding of Jake, and said to relate, "a pillar of the State" fell, and great was the fall ther of.

The next day the following was found sticking on a tree:

NOTICE.

At Jim Parker's Grocery at 9 o'clock on Saturday next, I will expose an old cow, and a papper of pigs, more or less—who will appear as the law directs to be distrained for rent. JAKE SHORT, Constable. March, 1851.

Miss Dubois is rather down on her clergyman! He is not only tedious, she says, but excessively awkward—all he knows about grace, being the small prayer with which he introduces dinner.

Little ideas spring from circumstances situations, as naturally as cornucopias do from spring boards. Who ever knew a man to be guilty of a mean action in any other place than a corner. We pause for a reply, as the old fellow said when he knocked over a dumb man.

Here is a specimen of "tall-writing" in the way of poetry:

"There was a man who came to town,
He followed a keg of molasses down,
The barrel worked, the molasses burst,
The man lay scattered in the dust!"

A young lady lately appeared in male attire at St. Louis. Her disguise was so perfect, that a friend of ours writes us, that if she had had a little more modesty she might have passed for a man.

A young lady told Quiz the other day, that the reason why she did not learn French was because she thought one tongue was sufficient for a lady. To much, very often.